

The Aldine

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A DISPUTED TITLE. — AFTER L. E. LAMBERT.

A DISPUTED TITLE.

MR. LOUIS EUGENE LAMBERT, the painter of the picture with this title, of which we publish an engraving, has been called the French Landseer, and not inaptly on many accounts, although it is easy to trace essential differences in their styles and manner of treatment. They agree, however, in their selection of subjects, and this selection is probably due, in the case of Mr. Lambert, to the same cause which operated so powerfully on the mind of Sir Edwin Landseer—an intense love for animals, and a thorough appreciation of their habits and modes of thought and action. Of Mr. Lambert it may be said, too, as was said of Sir Edwin, he "had a rare power of rendering textures; his subtle and rapid execution seemed equal to depicting with perfect ease and perfect fidelity, fur, feathers, hair, horn—in short, perhaps, every texture except human flesh;" though the latter clause may be objected to as not altogether applicable to Mr. Lambert; but we do not care to discuss the question here, as it is as painters of animals only that they are to be compared, neither of them having based any claims to reputation on the painting of human figures or landscapes. There may be many of the admirers of Landseer who will deny that Mr. Lambert's genius is such as to entitle him to be ranked beside the great English painter; but their judgment will be fairly offset by the number of those who will give him the first place, and both classes will consist of the respective countrymen of each. As Americans we care very little for the decision, preferring to content ourselves with admiring the good works of both; and, were we in a comparative mood, we should prefer to draw a parallel between Mr. Lambert and some of our own workers in the same field. We are not just now in the humor for entering upon the task, nor is it necessary to give a catalogue of even possible candidates for a division of honors with Mr. Lambert; but every one who has visited our art exhibitions, or who has kept pace with the recent progress of American art, will readily recall a goodly list of names and of works which are not unworthy the comparison.

As we have said, Mr. Lambert has made a loving study of animals, and especially of cats and dogs, the universal household pets; being a native of Paris, and a Parisian of the Parisians, it is not to be wondered at that this should have been the case, nor that most of his pictures should be of city-bred pets. Readers of THE ALDINE will recall his picture entitled "Temporary Possession," which also contained a mother cat and her kittens, together with a canine companion; but in that case the animals were house pets, and, as is apt to be the case, firm allies in play, and especially in mischief. In the present case the situation is entirely different. The scene here is the unoccupied stall of a stable, and the parties engaged are very far from being on friendly terms. The dog, evidently one of the regular stable attendants, has, on a tour of observation, discovered the retreat of the old cat and kittens, and seems prepared to protest against what he apparently regards as an invasion of his own peculiar territory, while the old cat is prepared for defense, and her kittens, with backs rising and thickening tails, show their instinctive readiness to aid their mother, although one may doubt their ability to effect much harm to the attacking force; nor does his dogship seem to consider them very formidable foes. In fact, from the expression of his face, it would seem that he has hardly yet made up his mind whether to drive out the intruders or to graciously allow them to remain. He has more an air of mischief than of fierceness, and it is by no means improbable that he may yet strike up a friendship with Grimalkin and make her and her progeny free of the stable, with as full liberty of hunting "mice and other small deer" as he now enjoys.

It will be seen that the artist, while making the animals the central and active objects in his picture, has not slighted any of the accessories, but has given with fidelity the usual adjuncts of a stable, and has disposed them with a keen eye to effect, which is also shown in the grouping of the animals, so that there shall be the proper correspondence of harmony and contrast between the different tints of their coats. It is such work as this which has won for Mr. Lambert the enthusiastic admiration of others besides his countrymen, and the honors—so dear to the heart of artists of all nations—of three medals from the Salon (in 1865, 1866 and 1870), and, what every Frenchman longs for—the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which was conferred on him the same year

(1870) that he received his third medal. After that mark of recognition there is little for the artist to look forward to at home, and many would thereupon cease work; but that is clearly not Mr. Lambert's idea.

ART ECHOES FROM PARIS.—II.

OUTSIDE, the doors and windows were closed to the beating rain; inside, the fire was bright, the house was warm; childish voices added music to inward happiness. Was that the bell? Listen! Another ring more violent than the first came distinctly through the rain and wind to our ears; it was something unusual at that time of night. The lamp threw a ruddy circle upon the wet gravel, and created fantastic shapes among the bare wet shrubbery. The voice had a strange sound as it sent the inquiry, "Who is there?" into the blackness. "A despatch, sir!" was responded from the gate. So, taking the keys, we hastened to admit the bearer. An old woman, her head bare, her saturated garments clinging to her limbs, slipped off her sabots at the door, closed her worn umbrella and placed it in a corner, whence in less than no time several little rivers ran diverging over the red tiles of the floor. Then, fumbling a minute or two in her pocket—such pockets, down to her shoe-tops—"Voici la dépêche, monsieur!" she said, and, "il n'y a rien à payer," with a twinkle of her one gray eye—she has two, but one or the other is always sore; in consequence, she is never seen without the old colored handkerchief bound over the one whose turn has come, and now the moisture ran from it down her withered cheeks. She was rewarded, as is the custom, and the faithful *attachée* of the village telegraphic bureau went again out into the ruddy circle, and her bent form under the old umbrella crossing its disk, was lost in the rain and darkness.

A despatch, and from Paris! We opened it while thinking that some friend had thus announced his coming to our village to spend Christmas, or that it might be an invitation to spend the day at some holiday gathering in the city, we read: "Leland—dead—eighty—four—Boulevard—Rochechouart," signed, "Bridgman." Did we read aright? Leland dead! Leland, esteemed by master, pupils, friends, by all. Dead! Impossible; there must be some mistake. Yet there was the cruel despatch, and signed by one too serious and true to perpetrate such a deception; but still the feeling that something was wrong prevailed; that which was not noticed before, was now—it was a terrible night! The naked trees moaned in their struggles with the wind, while the rain whipped wildly the windows and shook the shutters. Oh, that dreadful slip of paper! It seemed to have silenced all voices but that of the tempest.

It was a startling blow to the little community of American artists and his comrades of the old atelier; more so, when the sad cause of his sudden death was known—killed himself accidentally. Another life filled with bright prospects, so uselessly ended, is recorded upon the fearful list of warnings to those who carelessly use fire-arms, and, like those lessons, will remain unheeded except by those who knew and loved him. A few careless words spoken by the model during a repose, directing his attention to a tiny revolver upon a table, he takes it, toys with it, playfully directs it toward the model, who puts it aside, saying, "Many accidents happen by playing with such instruments." "Oh, there is no danger," says Leland; "I have withdrawn the charges. See!" and he directs the tube to his own head, and presses the trigger. A report—a scream—not from poor Leland; he was past that—and a thin cloud of smoke rose above a motionless form upon the floor. He had forgotten *one* chamber. Friends came, raised the unfortunate body, and placed it in the chair so lately occupied. He breathed at intervals, and at each pulsation the little thread of blood flowed faster from the fatal wound. It was a sorrowful group that the low-toned evening light, falling from the great window, illuminated with its pale rays: friends, physician, the *concierge* of the house, and in the centre, his head bowed upon the breast, tranquil as if in sleep, the unfortunate; and, was it chance? directly behind him, upon its easel, was his unfinished work, the canvas gleaming against the deepening shadows of the studio like a ghostly halo surrounding this unfinished—but ended—life. With the day the soul of the young artist passed away, and it was night. On the morrow officers came and attached to the

studio doors large red seals bearing the impress of the American Government, which seals forbade entrance to all until the will of the parents—those parents he so loved to talk of—should be known, and permit them to be broken.

Few can imagine the sad position of a group of young students beholding one of their number struck suddenly down, as by lightning, in a strange land. Circumstances demand action; but their presence forces upon each one the knowledge of his insufficiency, when one with the authority and experience of gray hairs comes forward, and with manly gentleness takes all upon his shoulders, standing among the young like a father. You may imagine the respect we have for Mr. Henry Woods, who with both advice and labor facilitated the sorrowful but necessary duties. The final services were held in the atelier of Leland's friend Loomis—the one next his own. In the centre of the room stood the coffin, draped in sable velvet, and upon it friends had placed flowers, remembering that, though winter, the dead had died in the summer-time of life. Around, in compact but quiet groups, stood the pupils of Bonnat's atelier, a group of young men who for the first time in their lives, perhaps, stood by the coffin of a comrade, and listened to the simple service of the Protestant church. After the services, many remembrances of the dead were recalled by his associates in sincere words and with sorrow, for all loved him for his gentleness and manly qualities, and esteemed him for his artistic abilities and perseverance in pursuit of his art. The death of Henry Leland, so young—being but twenty-seven years of age—and the sad cause of his untimely ending, will remain long and deeply impressed upon the hearts of his friends. We may well say, "*Sit tibi terra levis.*"

The painters are quietly preparing their works for the Salon, or for the great Exhibition of this new year 1878. Not much, if anything, can be gathered of the histories of their works. So occupied have the journals been by the political struggle through which they have passed, and which gives them for a few months peace and tranquillity, temporarily spanning the months yet resting between now and the opening of the Exhibition with a bridge of concessions to lull into repose the excited brains of Paris—so occupied have they been, that nothing of account concerning the scattered artists and their works has been noticed.

Gérôme is engaged upon a work representing King Louis XIV. receiving one of his celebrated poets, an old man, occupying the foreground, and preparing to ascend the stairs, upon which quantities of palm leaves and laurel branches have been thickly strewn. At the top of the flight of steps stands the *grand roi*, surrounded by his courtiers, who extend in line and descend the stair on the right hand of the door, standing in many attitudes, of attention, admiration, etc., watching the weary steps of the old poet, who, feeling that his age causes him to progress slowly, intends to excuse himself to the attending king by stating that his years have not added lightness to his feet, to which the king replies "that he who is burdened with the weight of hard-earned laurels may choose his own time and steps." You see this work, like all of Gérôme's, contains a woof of solid material upon which he weaves his beauties of artistic value.

Bonnat, too, is at work upon the subjects from which he will choose his pictures for the Exhibition and Salon. He has many splendid portraits on easel, and all show those same qualities that confirm us in our opinion that his "Thiers" of the last Salon is one of the finest portraits painted by any one, in any country, at any age. We should not be surprised to see M. Bonnat elected to the supreme honor of Member of the Institute for that sole quality of portraiture—and painting.

F. A. Bridgman is engaged upon a remarkable work representing Nimrod in the arena amusing himself shooting lions before the ladies and gentlemen of his court. From year to year Mr. Bridgman shows increased power of handling, vigor of drawing, and gradually he is refining his hitherto too opulent palette, toning down his color into that series of gray tones that will make his works rise in value as gems of art; enlarging his forms and purifying his lines, and constantly studying the minutiae of that period of Egyptian history which will make his works in future years a useful library for those who love the study of the Pyramid kings. A prominent French critic said in his journal, in connection with the Salon of 1877, that "Mr. Bridgman exhibited a work ['Burial of a Mummy'] that his master Gérôme might have signed, for he had often placed his name to works not better studied nor more

successful than this signed by his pupil." In that, we say, the critic only did the work justice.

Mr. Blashfield also is a devoted student and lover of history, though of another period. While Mr. Bridgman passes behind the vails lowered—as in theatres they drop the curtain between each act—between thousands of centuries, and holds communion with the workers in almost prehistoric times, Mr. Blashfield enjoys the "rise and fall off of the Roman empire," and now is engaged on a large work, "The Emperor Commodus returning from the Gladiatorial Arena." This Roman emperor was a great admirer of the Greek god Hercules, and delighted in dressing himself after the manner of that personage, with skin of lion over his shoulder, by his side an enormous club, and with glave, shield, gives, delighted to enter the arena (ancient Roman for prize ring), and to contest the laurels with the best man among the gladiators (Latin for prize-fighter, with this difference, they fought with short, keen, double-cutting swords, and the death of the vanquished was always at the option of the audience, and the manly art of "fives" was unknown). In those days, too, young ladies took lessons in the art of self-defense, and fought like furies with shield and sword in the parlor when not in the fencing school. We sometimes ask ourselves if the weapons they employed were really sharp, solid and keen cutting, and we have arrived at the ungallant conclusion that it was a sham, and not near so sharp as *some*—we wish that word particularly received in its restrictive sense—*some* women's tongues, which an immortal poet of old said are sometimes double edged and produce cruel wounds; and with that weapon, we have heard it said, ladies are very skillful. In illustration of this phase of ancient Roman life, Mr. Blashfield has also several pictures representing the fair sex developing the biceps in that healthful manner. But we are sorry to have to disapprove of such pictures. They may be as well and gracefully drawn as Bouguereau would draw them; painted with the power of Bonnat wedded to the style and sentiment of Alma-Tadema; yet we would disapprove upon the ground that a Roman miss practicing the "manly art," even in the glamour of ancient days, is scarcely more worthy of an artist's brush and attention—always excepting the costume—than would be a New York miss of Fifth Avenue increasing the solidity of her flesh and size of muscles in the digital art. Both, we think, would be more worthy of a weekly paper illustrative of the lower morals of society. We beg Mr. Blashfield to think and receive these words as they are meant, as we should be sorry indeed to see him waste his really good talent and fine knowledge of history upon such unworthy and trivial subjects as does that worst of celebrated bad painters—Coomans; following rather the example set by such masters as Alma-Tadema and Gérôme.

In this place we may insert two or three words concerning a subject which causes some merriment here among those acquainted with the facts. It has been reported that a jury upon the reception of pictures refused to admit in the Brooklyn Art Association Exhibition a picture painted by Bridgman, upon the ground that it was indecent. We have always considered the duties of a jury confined to the judgment of the qualities of the works presented for admission, whether they be well drawn, composed and painted, and, if the works answered to all these, there end the functions of the jury, and that is our firm belief still. From the day you weed out your senseless dogmas about the nude figure, that day may be considered the starting point of a solid, healthy American school of art. We might attack their judgment upon purely legal grounds—that of the right of the jury to refuse a work combining qualities and excellences superior to others except those of some other foreign artists, from a public exhibition. We are familiar with the picture. We do not say that all the gentlemen composing that remarkable body are equally finely strung, nor have their judgment so erroneously biased; but who gave these gentlemen the power to rob the public and the artist upon such grounds? Who appointed them guardians of others' consciences? Why, we are positive that not one of those gentlemen could be blind to the beauties of the naked limbs of—a tree; and to a man they confess to sensations of delight in standing for hours in pensive meditation upon the broad, open bosom of—the ocean. Have they not always clamored for the "naked truth?" and sworn to stand by her, shoulder to shoulder, like a phalanx of ancient Rome, and stand or fall in her defense? Why, is it not to them we owe the celebrated cry, "United we stand; divided we fall?" But when the "naked truth"—no, not naked, but draped in the soft-tinted



THE DEVIL'S UMBRELLA, NEAR FRANKFORT, KY.—D. J. STEEPLE.

floating gossamer stuffs of the dancing-girls of Egypt—presents herself, these gentlemen lose their hearts—no, courage—and at the first sound of the plaintive song to the rude *tam-tam* and double flute, their hearts go thumping away under their waistcoats, at the same time their lips give forth the lying words, "Indecent; you can't come in!"

Now, gentlemen, there may be a question raised as to what constitutes "indecent" in art, and why a few should resolve themselves into a committee to decide a question wherein famous writers have failed. Remember Gérôme's "*L'Almée*;" how you all cried "Indecent! Shameful! Shocking!" But one or two better-balanced heads, and a few serious articles, caused an ignominious rout. What interest have you in the past? Lies it in its sands? its mounds? its pyramids? or does it quicken, when beholding these solemn evidences of centuries, into warmer life, and

a feeling of fellowship for those distant workers who peopled those sands, built those mounds—those pyramids, well up into your hearts, perhaps causing tears to flow as you measure our moments by the side of those past centuries, and find that we are so small—so very little? Perhaps those feelings grow into desire to know of the life and habits of those sleepers in pictured tombs; at least eight out of every ten persons—the great majority—find this feeling grown into such interest that it is history. Have the microscopic minority the right to consider themselves the judges for all, to judge the sentiments of works of art issued by artists who confine their lives to studying and producing food for the great majority who desire to know, but have not the time to study? Have these few the right to say to history, "You are indecent!"? Why, if their judgment be right, nearly all the master-works of art are immoral! And God himself committed a questionable (in



IN THE RAVINE, CATSKILLS.—D. J. STEEPLE.

the minds of the Brooklyn jury) act in creating Adam and Eve naked. That their Creator considered them "most beautiful" in that state, the Bible affirms; and when Adam and Eve considered it "indecent" to remain longer in that state, and fashioned themselves rude garments, that was the "original sin" (it is an error of translation that states it was by eating an apple); that was the cause of God's curse, and the coming of shame, misery and want into this beautiful world, and our subsequent everlasting vagabondage outside the gates of Eden. No, no, gentlemen, you must not contradict it! We shall not listen; we know your arguments beforehand. They are old fogyish, and are so many huge heaps of rubbish impeding our steps upon the road to genuine art. Fiddlesticks, gentlemen, for your "indecent" scruples—there!

On the last day of the old year died an artist well known for his peculiarities as painter, and later for his connection with the

Commune of Paris, during the reign of which he directed the pulling down of the Column Vendôme. Gustave Courbet was born at Ornans (Doubs) the 10th of June, 1819. He made his studies in the seminary, and terminated them at the College of Besançon. He took a few lessons in painting from Hesse and from Steuben, whom he quitted soon to study nature in the way he comprehended it. His first pictures were greeted with almost universal reprobation. The public, which holds neither to the age of an artist nor his future, strove to see who could throw the heaviest stones. Among the appreciations of his contemporaries we find these—first, that of M. Veuillot, upon the only admission to the Salon accorded to Courbet: "The exposition of new works of painting and sculpture was called some time back the 'Salon,' a word indicating choice. It was then an honor to be admitted to the Salon; it was a certificate of study and aptitude, the equiva-

lent of the diploma of Bachelor of Arts. The small number of works permitted them all to be well studied. There were schools, efforts, struggles, judges. Conqueror at the Salon, the artist was consecrated. He revealed himself by his doctrine: he found contradictees and disciples. By democratic progress the Salon has become the street, the market, a fair—anything one may wish (it must be remembered this was thirty years ago) except a school or even a decent place. The artists employ all means to make themselves noticed. One of those most used is to appear in very negligent dress; one of the most effective is to cause themselves to be refused. The public suppose very willingly, originality and strokes of boldness in the artist who succeeds in causing himself to be refused entrance to the Salon. M. Courbet knew well how to choose his opportunity. Profiting by the good wind of 1848, he was one of the first to promenade the Salon dressed in a blouse and pipe in mouth, and he established by the stroke his reputation, which he has sustained since, at times by other uncivil audacities, at times by as astonishing displays of elegance."

Somebody more recently managed to have the doors of the Salon closed to him, and behold this some one as celebrated almost as M. Courbet.

M. Champfleury, disciple of realism, an innocent personage enough otherwise, naively exposed his theories of art. "The artist," said he, "should have a loaded pistol in his atelier, and from time to time open the window to discharge it and draw attention. It is for that purpose that M. Courbet one day exhibits a group of drunken country priests—another day, a group of 'Courtisanes entre deux Airs.' You may remember with what howlings were escorted the 'Enterrement à Ornans,' and 'Les Casseurs de Pierres,' 'Les Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine,' 'Les Baigneuses,' and others."

Proudhon, who was his best friend, his defender, has well remarked this failing in his beautiful work called "Du Principe de l'Art et de sa Destination Sociale," and from which we extract the following almost prophetic lines: "Endowed with a vigorous and comprehensive intelligence, he possesses wit equal to any man of the world. In spite of that he is only painter: he can not write nor speak; his classical studies have left but meagre traces in him. Built like an Hercules, the pen weighs in his hand as does a bar of iron in that of a child. Although he speaks much, his thoughts are detached and scattered. He has intuitions; but they are isolated, more or less true, sometimes happy, and often sophistical. He appears incapable to connect or construct his thoughts: in that he is still the artist. In his thoughtless generalizations he believes everything is changing, in morals as in art; that justice, right, social principles are as arbitrary as those of painting, and that he, free to paint that he wishes, is equally so to follow the custom—to free himself from the institutions, in which he shows

himself as little in advance as the last of the artists. This simply proves that with him, as with the commonest of his *confrères*, idealism predominates over the high social faculties, and that virtue with him is feeble. He makes himself the apologist of pride: in that, too, he shows himself altogether artist; but artist of a second order; for if he had superior sensibility, he would feel æsthetically that modesty has its price; that if sometimes she is an hypocrite, she is not such always. Modesty is one of the most delicate things that may be given men of which to taste: he in whom sophism has stifled the sentiment is no longer a man—he is a brute."

Finally, the work left by Courbet, although of the first order, is far from being complete. His best bits of painting may be found above all in his *natures mortes*, shady woods, mossy rocks,

etc.; a fawn slaking its thirst at a spring; the sea, space, the heavens—these are the principal points which shine on his canvases. With human nature he becomes unquiet, heavy, incorrect, from not having comprehended man or woman, as did those grand masters, Veronese, etc. Such as he is, he rests one of the most significant representatives of the modern school.

Truly the year 1877 ended badly for the artists who for so long have stood before our eyes and compelled our admiration.

Another great landscape painter has found rest under the sod and waving grasses he loved so well to paint. Emile Lambinet, a name certainly well known in America—much more so than that of Courbet—died recently at that lovely spot, Bougival on the Seine. He was, say the journals, one of the most distinguished of the landscape painters. He was a pupil of Drolling and Horace Vernet, whom he accompanied into Algeria. Lambinet, after an excursion into Holland, gave himself exclusively to landscape painting, becoming one

of the most esteemed in this line. He received, in 1867, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. How different from Courbet, whose foolish pride caused him to refuse the medal offered by his country, and to open an opposition exhibition *en face* the Exhibition of 1855, for the works judged unworthy of admittance to it—among which were his own, of course.

—*Outremer.*

ADVERSITY.

IN this number we continue our exposition of modern sculpture with an engraving from a bust by Mr. J. D. Crittenden, entitled "Adversity." As our illustrations heretofore have been of subjects drawn from every-day life, and illustrating three different methods of treatment, we have this time selected a specimen of the purely ideal. It is difficult to criticise a work of this kind—unless it be glaringly bad—since excellence in execution is to be



ADVERSITY. — J. D. CRITTENDEN.



SUNRISE ON THE WATZMANN. — AFTER COLLINGWOOD SMITH.

judged so much by the effect produced on the feelings of the observer. In regard to modeling and all the technique of execution, we may decide the work to be of the first order of merit, and to this praise all of Mr. Crittenden's works are, we believe, entitled; but in regard to the expression—the soul, so to speak, of the work—the person of tender sensibilities, though entirely ignorant of even the first principles of art either graphic or plastic, becomes as competent a critic as any other—in fact, the only real critic, for, as we have said, the test is the effect produced on the minds of beholders, and no rule can be laid down for the government of the feelings. To us it seems that Mr. Crittenden has succeeded admirably in producing the tender, pensive expression which tells of hard fate met and not conquered, but endured, and endured in such a way as to bring after it the expression which should follow according to the poet's maxim "that sweet are the uses of adversity." A more sweetly resigned expression than that of the face which Mr. Crittenden has modeled it would be difficult to imagine, or one more indicative of a chastened feeling of submission to the rulings of a higher power. This, as we have said, is our opinion; but whether it will be shared by all who look upon the work, or not, must depend entirely upon the state of mind in which each observer approaches it. Mr. Crittenden had won considerable applause before producing this work, but in the embodiment of entirely different subjects, one of the most noted of his previous works having been entitled "On the Sea Shore," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870, and won much applause from the critics as well as from the world at large.

THE PATIENT.

THERE is not a little in the artistic career and characteristics of Mr. P. Edouard Frère, one of whose pictures we publish in this number, to remind one forcibly of our own Wylie, of whom we had occasion recently to speak at some length, and whose death within a very short time has deprived America and the world of an artist of great achievement and even greater promise. We told, in the article referred to, how Mr. Wylie not only resided in France for the purpose of studying art, but went beyond what most artists think it worth while to do, by taking up his residence among the peasants of Brittany in order to study them in their homes and from the nearest possible standpoint. Mr. Frère has pursued a similar course, although he was not obliged to go away, as was Mr. Wylie, in order to do so. A resident of Ecoen—a little market town of about a thousand inhabitants some ten miles from Paris—he has done nearly all his work there, and has found subjects for his pictures among the humble inhabitants of the village and the immediate neighborhood. It is indeed said of him, that he often takes the kitchen or living-room of some peasant's or of some artisan's home for his studio, and so paints at his ease what is around him. It was also said of Mr. Wylie that he, during his sojourn in Brittany, not only lived among the peasants, but conformed himself to their ways in dress as well as in habits and mode of life. Mr. Wylie, too, was noted for his kindness of heart, and for the ease with which he won the confidence of those around him, especially children; and the same thing is said of Mr. Frère, who, judging from his pictures, must certainly possess in an eminent degree the faculty of inducing children to be perfectly natural in his presence—a faculty by no means so common as might be imagined by some. That he has done so in the case before us is self-evident. The scene, like all of Mr. Frère's pictures, is a very simple one, and clearly explains itself. Father and mother having gone out—as French peasants and working people must do—about their daily duties, the two little ones have been left to their own devices, and in that imaginative play which is at once so characteristic of and so dear to children, have decided that "dolly" is sick and must be administered to, as they have doubtless been by the good mother in their little ailments. They have emptied the little basket in the foreground—whether it was cruet stand or medicine chest—of its contents to procure the dose which is being liberally bestowed on the unconscious object of their solicitude, and are as much absorbed in the result of their maneuvers as their parents would be if called on to treat one of them. The picture is an accurate and feeling reproduction of a cottage interior, as well as a charming study of child-life, and reflects almost as much credit on the

artist's tact as on his powers as a painter, for it is not every one having the will who could induce children to play before him so unrestrainedly, and could transfer them so successfully to canvas.

Mr. Frère has not been without recognition for his genius, having been medaled in 1851, 1852 and 1855, in which latter year he was also awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He was a pupil of Delaroche, and, like his master, has enjoyed no little popularity with American buyers of pictures. Two of his works, "Industry," and "Preparing for Church," were sold at the sale of the John Taylor Johnston collection, the former bringing \$875, and the latter \$2,400. In the Centennial Loan Exhibition, at the Academy of Design, were exhibited two of his pictures, "The Reader," owned by Mr. H. G. Marquand, and the "Christmas Drum," the property of Mr. Philip van Volkenburgh; while the gallery of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts contains no less than four specimens.

SUNRISE ON THE WATZMANN.

AMONG the artists who have taken part in England in the revival of water-color painting, which has been going on for the past few years, and which has done so much to awaken an interest here in the same branch of art, Mr. Collingwood Smith occupies no mean position for his landscapes, especially for his representations of picturesque scenes on the continent of Europe. We give a fine engraving from one of his pictures which has attracted considerable attention. It represents the peak of the Watzmann while bathed in the rosy light of the rising sun. This mountain is situated in the Austrian Tyrol, or Salzkammergut, and is shown as seen from the Berchtesgaden territory, a magnificently picturesque region of which the Watzmann has been called the Mont Blanc. Nor is the name undeserved; for when the winter snows upon its peak are decreased by the summer heats, the deep clefts of the crater-like head still glisten with virgin snow, and the porphyritic walls and buttresses beneath are so blanched by sun and storm that they present a lustrous appearance not unlike that to be seen in the Yo Semite Valley, of which we have had occasion to speak in our articles upon that region. Besides this striking peculiarity in its appearance, the Watzmann is distinguished by its altitude of 8,250 feet. It rises almost perpendicularly from the margin of the Königssee, in whose waters it is reflected with the utmost clearness and vividness. While the summit is bare, as we have said, the sides are covered with vegetation almost to the water's edge. This peculiarity, as will be seen from the picture, adds still more to the striking appearance of the peak. The strip of territory, of which both the mountain and the Königssee form a part, is known as the Bavarian Alps, and was, at the Congress of Vienna, reserved to the King of Bavaria. It has been used chiefly as a hunting ground by the Bavarian princes, who have a hunting box and a corps of hunters established on the lake at St. Bartolomeo, from which point the chamois are more easily reached than from any other part of the mountain. The view is taken from the Bavarian Palace at Berchtesgaden, and is a most accurate likeness of the famous double-horned peak, as well as being a striking and excellent picture.

Mr. Collingwood Smith has been, heretofore, but little known on this side the ocean, but he has made a good reputation in England, and his pictures have attracted the attention of traveled Americans, and we are glad to lay before our readers so good a specimen of his work.

THE LITTLE SWEDE.

VISITORS to the Philadelphia Exposition will not have forgotten the alacrity with which the Scandinavian nations responded to our invitation to take part in the celebration of our Centennial, nor the full and creditable exhibitions made by them in all the departments of human progress. Creditable as was the display to all of them, however, Sweden must be conceded to have taken the lead, and especially in her exhibit of works of art. When one considers the distance and the difficulties to be encountered in bringing pictures so far, one must admit that the exhibition of over one hundred works by Swedish artists showed a praiseworthy zeal in the cause, irrespective of any question of the relative merit of the works compared with those by artists of



THE PATIENT.—AFTER P. E. FRÈRE.

other nationalities. Among the exhibitors was Hugo Salmson, of Stockholm, whose picture of an "Odalisque," which hung in Memorial Hall, will be remembered by very many visitors, particularly for its somewhat florid coloring, to which Mr. Salmson would seem to have a leaning. The rigors of his native climate

seem to have had the not unnatural effect of begetting a desire for the warmer tints and tones of the more southern climes. We present to our readers, in this number of THE ALDINE, a different and, we think, more favorable specimen of Mr. Salmson's work—at all events, it is more national. In it, however, can be



A SWEDISH PEASANT GIRL.—AFTER HUGO SALMSON.

traced the same somewhat florid taste of which we have spoken, which is shown in the whole composition. The picture is one mass of color; and, while the different hues can not be shown in an engraving, their effect is clearly indicated, and it needs little effort of the imagination to replace the plain black and white with

the colors of the gay costume in which the little peasant girl has chosen to array herself; the ruddy, rosy face; the yellow hair; the bright beads; the plumage tints of her pet doves, and all the other colors which are only rendered the more striking by contrast with the dull background of the wall and of the step on

which she is seated. We may, indeed, fancy the pleased expression on the little one's face to be not a little due to the delight she feels at the consciousness of being a particularly gorgeous and striking object, and one well calculated to attract the attention of the casual observer, be he artist or not—a pleasure in which even the most strict must sympathize.

The features and the figure of the little girl are as thoroughly national as her costume, and both may be compared with those of the little "Flower Girl," by Mr. Souchon, recently published

early made acquainted with poverty, and in learning to take care of herself has acquired that look of premature wisdom and thoughtfulness for the morrow which is the usual result of such a situation, one to which our little maiden of the doves has not yet been introduced. In the general execution of the two pictures, too, we see marked differences, Mr. Souchon inclining much less to crowd his canvas with details than does his Swedish contemporary, although both artists have preserved the essential simplicity of the main figure of their pictures. Our readers will,



A STABLE SCENE.—F. Lossow.

in THE ALDINE, both for the sake of the differences of costume and feature between the Saxon and the Scandinavian, and because of the essential differences in the handling and methods of the two artists. Mr. Souchon, as we remarked in the article calling attention to his picture, has invested his flower girl with a certain pensiveness of expression which is entirely wanting in Mr. Salmson's less idealized picture. Our little Scandinavian friend has evidently, as yet, seen no cause for looking upon any other than the bright side of life; and her doves are, to her, the most important portion of creation, notwithstanding the fact that the one which is struggling in her arms seems to find the attentions of its mistress, however loving they may be, somewhat oppressive. Mr. Souchon's heroine, on the other hand, has been

we are sure, be pleased with this specimen of Scandinavian art, and will echo our wish that the Swedish school might be better represented among us than it is.

A STABLE SCENE.

MR. LOSSOW has availed himself of a very characteristic incident of stable life to give us, in this picture, a remarkably fine specimen of his powers as a delineator of animals, and especially of the domestic animals, which is indeed his strong point as an illustrator. No one with a knowledge of the characteristics of a good horse can fail to see at first glance that the artist has por-

trayed for us a noble specimen of the equine race, and that he has evidently done it as a lover of the horse. From muzzle to crupper, and from back to hoof, the animal is well formed, finely proportioned, clean limbed, and in perfect condition. The muscles are clearly defined beneath the delicate skin, and the artist has succeeded in catching and delineating the action of the neck and ears and the expression of the face, with its broad, intelligent forehead, with remarkable exactness. Nor is less praise due to the texture of the glossy coat of the horse, and the rough, shaggy one of the excited terrier, which have been admirably rendered—better, we think, than the fur of the cat, although this may be a point not altogether easy to determine. In the surroundings Mr. Lossow shows a thorough familiarity with the stable and with the minutiae of stable routine—as witness the mass of clean bedding rolled away under the manger to be ready for night—as well as a conscientious exactness in depicting what he sees.

The incident which has furnished the excuse for Mr. Lossow's picture is, as we have said, a thoroughly characteristic one, and by no means so uncommon as might be supposed. It will be seen at a glance that the cat, chased by the shaggy, noisy little terrier, has taken refuge upon the haunches of her fast friend the horse, and from that "coign of vantage" proceeds deliberately to make her morning toilet, grinning tauntingly, meanwhile, at her adversary, as if she were aware—as she undoubtedly is—that that is the surest way of at once tantalizing and baffling him. Meanwhile the horse, indignant at the attempted attack on his favorite, turns his head, thrusts forward his muzzle, pricks up his quick, nervous ears, and glares at the dog with an expression which very clearly tells what he proposes to do to any one who shall dare to injure his feline friend. Not by any means the least good thing about the picture is this same horse's head. It was said once, by an artist of our acquaintance, that "a man who can draw a horse's head can draw anything"—an exaggerated way of expressing his opinion that the head of a horse was indeed a difficult subject for the pencil of even the best draughtsman. We could not go quite so far as to conclude that Mr. Lossow can "draw anything," but we think it must be conceded that he can at least draw a horse's head.

There is another thing which he can draw, also, and that is a terrier. How he would get along with a smooth-coated "black and tan," or a pointer, we are not prepared to say; nor do we know how he would manage a huge mastiff or a Newfoundland; but that he can catch the whole life, spirit, and appearance of the shaggy little spitfire of a Scotch terrier is evident from a glance at the picture. From the tip of his cocked-up nose to the extremity of his abbreviated tail that dog is alive and instinct with motion. One almost expects momentarily to see him spring from his crouching posture, and one can almost fancy that he hears the short, yelping barks to which we know the little rascal is giving utterance. There is life and action in every muscle, and even in the shaggy coat—of the faithful rendering of which we have already spoken—every individual hair of which seems to bristle with a separate and individual rage of its own.

If we have suggested that the fur of the cat was less accurately rendered than the coats of her companions, we might qualify the criticism by the remark that it is by no means so easy a thing to do in a drawing on the block; and is, moreover, one in which the engraver must at least share with the artist whatever blame may attach to any seeming failure. There can be no question that, so far as concerns attitude or expression, the cat is drawn with the same fidelity and the same vigor as her companions. Her deliberate manner of going to work to wash her face and her paws, after the manner of her race, and the leer of her triumph expressed in her half-closed eyes, are perfectly natural and irresistibly funny.

The whole picture is an excellent illustration of the strange friendships which so often spring up between horses and cats, opposed as these two animals would seem to be to one another in nature and disposition as well as in size. Instances of this sort are to be found in all the works on the habits, intelligence, and instincts of the domestic animals; and we dare say that no stable of well-bred and well-kept horses is without its contribution to that sort of literature. The horse, when well treated, is an animal of a peculiarly confiding and trusting disposition, and the cat is essentially a courtier, so that it is not remarkable that the two should often become firm allies, and, on one side at least, stanch

friends. So Mr. Lossow has represented them in this case, and we believe he has forcibly expressed a great fact in nature while giving us a most pleasing picture.

THE DEVIL'S UMBRELLA.

ONE of the most pleasing towns in the United States, though at the same time one of the smallest, is Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, which is situated on the right, or northeast, bank of the Kentucky River, about sixty miles from Carrollton, where it empties into the Ohio. The town is built on an elevated plateau between the river and a steep bluff of about a hundred and fifty feet in height, and which, when carved into fantastic shapes by the water, furnishes much of the picturesque scenery for which the town and neighborhood are celebrated. The prevailing rock here is a blue limestone, through which the river has worn its way in the progress of ages, leaving behind it a sculptured record, the delight at once of artists and tourists, and the pride of the residents. The present channel of the river is very deep, but is not more than a hundred yards in width, and was only navigable to a very limited extent until it had been improved by an elaborate system of dams and locks, so that steamboats now ascend it to Frankfort at all seasons of the year, and flat-boats for about a hundred miles farther. The cliffs near Frankfort are about five hundred feet in height, and furnish an inferior sort of marble, which is used for building purposes, and has an excellent effect, as is seen in the State House and other public buildings of Frankfort which are constructed of it. It takes a high polish, but is liable to crack, as might be inferred from the many curious shapes into which the water has worn it.

One of the most characteristic forms presented by this river-carved rock is that which we illustrate, and which is locally known as the Devil's Umbrella. It might be worth while to inquire, had we time, why Satan should be allowed to stand sponsor for so many queer rocks and caverns in all parts of the world, and we recommend the subject to the attention of some of the curious having the requisite leisure, for the quest would certainly be a long one. It must be conceded that whoever named the Frankfort rock had a fertile imagination, and also that he departed from the usual custom. We have known that his Satanic Majesty was well supplied with chairs, tables, punch-bowls, pots, pans, kettles, and even pulpits, but this is the only case we recall where an umbrella has been provided for him, and we confess ourselves at a loss to know what association of ideas suggested the name, or the need he might have for such an article.

IN THE CATSKILLS.

ACROSS a continent is not such an appalling trip in these days that we may not venture to bring our readers from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the valley of the Merced to that of the Hudson, from the Yo Semite to the Catskills, in search of the picturesque. There is no comparison to be made between the two regions, so dissimilar are they in all their leading features. The Hudson, a noble river flowing placidly through a broad, fertile valley, and its bosom covered with white sails, with swift steamers, is as unlike to the tortuous mountain torrent of the Merced as are the almost perpendicular granite walls which inclose the one, from the gentle, grassy, and wood-covered slopes which border the other. In the West we have nature in awe-inspiring grandeur; in the East, in heart-moving beauty—and both are good. We have had occasion more than once to speak of the scenery of different portions of the Appalachian chain of mountains—that range which seemed so great to our forefathers, who did not know the Rocky Mountains—and there is certainly a sufficient variety to be found along it, but none more quietly beautiful than that of the Catskills and the valley of the Hudson, which has been compared to the Rhine, but which is much more beautiful.

It is hardly necessary to expatiate much to an American audience on the picturesque character of the scenery of this region, which so large a proportion of them have visited, and which has been the favorite haunt of so many of our most graceful and gifted writers and best landscape painters. In connection with the thoroughly characteristic scene which we engrave, we are glad to ex-

tract from an unpublished poem by Mr. Alfred B. Street—himself an enthusiastic lover of this region, and, moreover, "native, and to the manner born"—some word-pictures of Catskill scenery whose truth will be easily recognized. The road followed by the poet and the points named will be easily recalled to memory.

On went the road; on either side the birch
Shone in white satin, and the spotted beech
Leaned in an arbor. Sweet the cooling shade,
Freckled with sunshine where, below, the grass
Twinkled in glancing silver to the sun,
Like rippling water. Far and wide the scene
Gleamed in soft beauty. Roads twined grayly here,
There villas sparkled, and red homesteads stood
In leafy lanes. The laborer strode with scythe
Curved on his shoulder; sweet the sunshine played
On grassy meadows and on furrowed fields,
And balmy breezes crept along the air.

On, still, the road; before us towered the grand,
Green battlement of mountains, from which now
The fairy tints of distance late so sweet
Had melted. Up the sloping track. Ravines
Tinkled with bells of brooks, here, screened from sight
By overtwining branches flashing, there,
Like eyes from ambush. The live mountain air
Made the blood bound and glowed about the heart,
Nerving the frame to vigor. Hark, that soft
And dreamy hum wafting the soul afar
To regions of dim mystery, the voice
Of the grand minstrel pine that wrathful speaks
In thunders, and in quiet moments sings
With melody that tells of other days
And hearts long gone to heaven. Oh, minstrel pine,
David among the singers! mountain lyre!
Voice of the crag! deep organ of the gorge!
Soft floats thy music when the west wind breathes;
Golden thy answer to the south wind's sigh;
Dreary thy grieving as the east wind moans;
But to the north wind's sweep thy shout rings forth
Hoarse challenge to the battle; and thy scream
Doth ring as the fierce eagle's when the cloud
Doth send its thunder. Truly art thou king,
O pine! king of the mighty wilderness!
Still soar the mountains; yawn the wild ravines,
Gurgling and flashing where white waters flit,
And bent-down boughs dance deftly in dark shades.
Up still the road. Behold that rocky mass
Smiting the dainty blue, the Profile Rock,
Home of the Mountain Witch, who forges rain
And sunshine, and who chains the furious blast,
Lion like, to her side, or lets it loose.
Mark yon quick flash amid the leafy rocks
Where bounds the Cauterskill in scattered spray
Down its wild path, the Fawn's Leap, where the stream
Springs pale with terror through the dungeon gloom!
But upward still; and now the height is reached
The table-land expands, when back we glance
Down where the Clove, through whose dark throat we came,
Blackens upon the downy sky a stream
Of thundercloud; the eager, rapid wheel
Whirrs o'er the smooth, hard level; on the left
The Sunset Rock, with Bear Track white below,
And peaks beyond the Clove, and waves of woods
And glitterings of the Falls.

The falls alluded to are known as Haines Falls. We give one more extract, fitly describing a leaping, bubbling brook, such as our artist has drawn:

But linger not!—on to the Laurel House!
We pass the twin lakes linked by one stream,
Like the dear tie between two loving hearts,
One black as the horse-chestnut's winter bud,
With its dark rim of flame-scorched trees, and one
Sheeny, like the soft curl of velvet gold
That the witch-hazel, like the Christmas rose
Of England, hangs amongst the silver locks
Of Winter. From the lower, lovelier lake,
Outsteps the stream and joins hands with the streak,
The runlet, that the North Peak sends from out
His gorges. Here the Maiden's Glen is seen,
And here the Enchanting Vale. The lake's bright brook
Trips witching on, then curves with headlong leap
The North Peak, bride clasped loving to its heart,
Over the edge of rock whose dizzy scoop
Shapes the grand, naked amphitheatre
Sweeping around; a mass of shattered foam
Shoots down and splinters on the ledgy floor.
What awful grandeur in that hollowed front,
That stern, wild amphitheatre! the gaze
Recoils and pities the soft stream that falls
So far, it swoons to drops before it finds
Rest; yet no rest; for, urged by the fierce life

Wakened within, it tumbles to its leap
Beyond. We follow down the twisting stream,
Gripping the rock with foamy fangs; with boil
And frothy haste, and eddying round in still
Deep basins, where the trout its level dart
Poises, and the rich sunfish lifts its hooped,
Stiff, saw-like back, and gapes the pearly perch,
Knobbing the lymph to bubbling jewelry.
Born of the damp the moss plumps all around,
In men's nest spots, in crimson tufts and scales
Of diamond lichen. The black water logs
Are lapped in lilies; the streaked, glossy stones
Gleam in the isinglass of water filmed
Over their beaded beds where smoothly slips
The molten silver in round, dulcet tones;
And thus it journeys onward to the Clove
To leap in lightning, tear in thunder, dash
And flash and jangle, tinkle, tumble, whirl,
Dimple and twist through depths of rocky shade.
Until the Hudson clasps her to his heart.

A NORMANDY GIRL.

IN presenting to our readers for the first time an engraving from a picture by Mr. G. H. Boughton, we are introducing to them an American artist who has had the fortune to not only please the critics, both foreign and native, but also to suit the taste of American buyers of pictures to such an extent that his works are bought up and brought here almost before foreign critics have had time to fairly consider their merits. The one we have chosen to engrave is owned by Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of New York, and was exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition along with "The Pilgrims' Sunday Morning," the property of the same gentleman. Among other of his pictures owned in and about New York we may mention "By the Sea," in the collection of Mr. William T. Richards; "Going to seek his Fortune," the property of Mr. George Whitney; "The Gypsy's Reverie," owned by Mr. W. L. Andrews; "Wouter van Twiller's First Court" (described in THE ALDINE's London correspondence at the time it was painted), owned by Mr. John H. Sherwood; "Summer of Life," "Winter of Life," and "Spring Time," the property of Mr. Morris K. Jessup; "Hester Prynne," which attracted so much attention at the Centennial Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, and which belonged to and was sold with the collection of Mr. R. M. Olyphant, as were also "Bashful, yet Fond," and "Repose;" "Blowing the Fire," owned by Mr. H. G. Marquand; "Sunday Services of Puritans," the property of Mr. Philip van Volkenburg; "Gypsy," "Summer," "Winter," "The Bouquet," and "New Year's Day in New Amsterdam" (also described in THE ALDINE), all in the recently exhibited collection of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts. Besides these, which have all been publicly exhibited here, there were sold with the John Taylor Johnston collection, "The Outcast," for \$1,005; "Moonlight Skating Scene," \$660; "Christmas in England," \$1,025.

Mr. Boughton is, as we have said, an American artist, although he was born in Norfolk, England, in 1836. He was brought to this country, however, when not four years of age, his parents settling in Albany, where he passed his youth. He early developed a taste for drawing and painting, and, after producing a few pieces which found a ready sale, he went to London, where he spent a few months in study, and returned to this country, establishing himself in New York, and devoting himself to landscape painting. His pictures at this period, however, show a tendency toward *genre* painting, and in 1859 he visited Paris in order to perfect himself in the painting of figures. In 1861 he opened a studio in London, and has resided there most of the time since, regularly contributing to the Royal Academy Exhibition, and nearly as regularly to our own exhibitions, having been elected to the National Academy in 1871.

Mr. Boughton's pictures show decided changes of style, and in so doing indicate very clearly the changes of taste through which he has gone, and with equal clearness the conscientiousness of his study and of his work. As we have said, he was, in the earlier part of his career, a landscape painter; but, as it now seems, he has very wisely directed his attention to figures and to *genre* pieces, though often introducing landscape as an adjunct. His residence in France gave him, along with the firmness and accuracy of drawing characteristic of the French school, a certain predilection for French subjects which seemed for a time to control



HAPPY DAYS. — AFTER CHAPLIN.

his pencil, and which has been—as we think, unjustly—objected to by some of his critics. It also made him familiar with French costumes and customs, a fact by which he has profited in his subsequent career, as is instanced in the painting which we copy, which is not only a careful study of the Normandy peasant costume, but is, to our mind, a more thoroughly natural and in many respects more pleasing picture than some of his later works which have perhaps attracted more attention. Certainly nothing in the way of *genre* painting could be better conceived, and few things

ter van Twiller's First Court," and others. He has, in the "Hester Prynne" and several other of the pictures painted during his residence in England, shown a decided tendency toward the prerafaelite school, in so far as regards the landscapes and other accessories of his works, and has also adopted what might be called a mannerism in his female figures so decided as to be apparent to the most casual observer. We allude particularly to the introduction of the woman in the high waist and long, closely clinging skirts of a long by-gone time, who has irreverently been



HAYING.—D. J. STEEPLE.

better executed, than the whole pose and expression of the girl, with her perplexed countenance and her shrinking attitude. Nor are the surroundings less exactly suited to the subject. It would have been easy enough to have expanded the doorway in which the maiden halts into a whole façade, and we might have been given the whole of a rain-splashed street; but the artist has wisely restricted himself to the elaboration of the figure, and has consequently given us a most charming study of a single figure which is excelled by few of his later productions.

Mr. Boughton has exhibited specimens of an entirely different style of work from that which characterizes the picture which we copy and some of the others we have mentioned as coming from his easel, such as the "New Year's in New Amsterdam," "Wou-

called "Boughton's long-legged woman," and who reminds one irresistibly, by a queer mental process, of some of Charles Reade's heroines. We do not impute this altogether as a fault to the artist any more than to the novelist, however much one may be inclined sometimes to weary at the repetition, either on canvas or in print, of a single type. It is a noble type, and one worthy of due recognition and of careful study, and becomes monotonous only when one is called to contemplate it too often and in too close succession. Mr. Boughton's "Hester Prynne," for instance, is the same noble, self-contained, reticent woman whom Hawthorne drew, and one instinctively recognizes and respects her as much in the picture as in the novel; and so with Mr. Reade's heroine, the tall, nobly formed, gracious, womanly and queenly

woman who marches through his pages—yet one scarcely wants to gaze upon a procession of such women. Hawthorne depicted her but once; Mr. Boughton has seemed inclined, like Mr. Reade, to repeat her indefinitely.

It has been said of Mr. Boughton's works, too, that they do not seem so much "to have been painted, but to have slowly brightened through a tender mist, and to have just stopped short of attaining complete distinctness," and there is much truth in this characterization of some of his pictures which have been objected to on the ground that they were too elusive, that the mist had not sufficiently cleared away from them, and that they were too pale and dim. To a certain extent this criticism may be true and just, though it does not apply to the work we copy; but it has undoubtedly a certain charm, and can not be cited as a grave defect when, as in the case of Mr. Boughton, it is not adopted to hide defects or feebleness of drawing or conception.

HAPPY DAYS.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN, one of whose pictures we engrave for the present number of THE ALDINE, is no stranger to our readers, and those who recall his "Broken Lyre," heretofore published in our pages, will have no difficulty in recognizing the same hand in the present picture, different as the subjects are. The former represented, it will be remembered, a young girl seated or reclining on a bank; her hands interlocked upon her lap; her dress, the gauzy drapery of summer, nearly torn from her body by the storm which, as the fiercely lowering sky shows, has just sprung up around her; beside her lies her lyre with broken strings; Love hides his tearful face in her garments, and the butterfly, emblem of the soul, lingers uncertain whether to leave her or to remain until the storm shall have passed. The whole idea is that of the precious first love of a guileless maiden which has been won and then cast away by some careless or unprincipled adventurer seeking only to amuse himself for a season, reckless of the suffering his actions may cause. The picture before us has a totally different explanation. It shows us the happy mother folding in her arms her infant, who is, in turn, even more happy in its childish play, thus forcibly illustrating the popular notion that the days of childhood are at once the most innocent and the most happy of our lives, a doctrine to which we were never able fully to subscribe. Childish troubles seem light to us; but so do ours in most cases to children. A certain French princess is reported to have said, when the first mutterings of the revolution were heard in the popular clamor for bread, that she wondered "why the people should make such an outcry about wanting bread, when they could buy such beautiful cakes for a mere trifle at the confectioner's." And, by a parity of reasoning, we are always inclined to wonder why children should be so disturbed about matters of such trivial moment, when we know of such greater perplexities which await them.

We have said that in the two pictures referred to it is easy to trace the same hand, and we think no one looking at them will doubt our judgment. In the first place, there is such likeness between the chief figures that one could fancy, without any great stretch of imagination, that the matron in the later picture was only the girl of the former arrived at a more advanced age and crowned with the honors of maternity. To be sure, the one is more blonde and the other more brunette; but there is, so to speak, such a similar dissimilarity in their attitudes, expressions, forms, and even their dress—or want of it—that we forget any mere differences of complexion. The child in the second picture, too, might very well be taken for the Cupid of the first, minus his wings and in a changed position. There is also an identity in handling, in the peculiar character of the background, and notably in drawing, which we do not think one of Mr. Chaplin's strongest points. He is very fond of putting as little drapery as possible upon his figures; he "addicts himself," to use a French phrase, chiefly to the figures of women and children, and so secures the fullest scope for the exhibition of skill in drawing and knowledge of anatomy; but it seems to us that in these particulars his zeal sometimes outruns his knowledge or his capacity for execution. There are faults in the drawing of each of these features in both the pictures mentioned which could scarcely escape the notice of any careful observer, and yet they are both admirable pictures.

Where, then, it may be asked, are we to look for the source of his undoubted popularity? To which we may reply by pointing to the picture before us, and demanding where can be found more feeling, or a more vivid expression of maternal love and protection and of childish glee? It is this life, this soul, which, infused in all his work, has given Chaplin his place among artists, and has insured his success in spite of any minor defects in drawing or coloring—defects which may in a measure be traced to the example of his master Dröling, whose influence may be traced in his work, although he is far from being a mere copyist or imitator.

Among Mr. Chaplin's pictures brought to this country we may remind our readers of his "Preparing for the Bath," the property of Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, of New York, which was exhibited in the Centennial Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, and "Prayer," a small six by four inches picture which was sold in Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection, bringing \$390, a very good sum, considering that it was sold early in the evening, before bidders had "warmed up" to their work. Mr. Chaplin deservedly has his admirers, and has equally deservedly won the great honors of his profession. He has been thrice medaled in the Paris Salon, the last time in 1865, in which year he also received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and he certainly deserves these honors better than many to whom they have been awarded.

HAYING.

THERE is no season of the year more thoroughly charming than the month of June, in which occurs most of the hay-making, or "haying," as it is colloquially called, a common scene in which operation forms the subject of Mr. Steeple's picture. May is, as a rule, a treacherous month, especially in its earlier days, and July is too hot; but June comes between with warm, genial days, clear blue skies, and gentle breezes laden with the indefinite odors borne from the forest, meadow and hillside, when the thousand flowers of summer are opened to the sun, when the bee is gathering the fragrant material for his winter store, and when all the work of the vegetable world is in its highest state of activity stimulating the animal kingdom, including man, to equal displays of energy. It is then that such scenes as the one depicted in the engraving are to be met with along all the by-roads in the country, although, alas! the ruthless inventor, with his constantly increasing number of labor-saving machines, is fast taking from the process of hay-making all its poetry. Time was, when the grass being pronounced fit to cut, there was din of preparation in the great barn. Scythes were taken down from the long pegs whereon they had hung since the last season; the curiously twisted snaths were examined to see that every screw and ring was in place; favorite whetstones were brought from cunning hiding-places; grindstones slowly and creakingly revolved, and small boys sweated with much grumbling in turning them, while the long, curved blades grew bright and sharp with the friction; and finally, on the eventful morning, the farmer headed a procession of stalwart mowers, each carrying in orthodox style the weapon which was presently to go slithering through the grass with that peculiar, pleasant hissing sound which the mower himself was often compelled to imitate with his lips in a sibilant accompaniment. Then came the turning of the long swaths, the raking into winrows, the cocking, and then the taking home which our artist has depicted. There was fun and romance in all this; but machinery has now transformed the whole affair to a mere matter-of-fact operation of cutting down, curing, and getting to the barn of a certain amount of grass in a given time. It is hardly fair to call it hay-making now. And we blame the horse-rake as the cause of all this loss of poetry. So long as hay was raked by hand, and especially by the hands of women and girls, there was always the possibility of an idyl in every meadow; but the horse-rake drove Maud Muller out of the field, and it was not in nature that man should not then invent some machine which would enable him to get through his work more quickly, and so get back the sooner to the vicinity of the house whither Maud had preceded him. So the good old scythe was hung up in the apple-tree for the last time; even the pitchfork has been made to go by horse-power, and the glory of "haying" has departed. We shall not at all wonder, indeed, to see old Father Time depicted in the spelling-book, for the benefit of the rising generation, as driving

a pair of horses to somebody's "combined reaper and mower," carrying in his hand a stop watch, instead of with the venerable old scythe and hour-glass.

The day has not yet come, however, when hay is brought to the mow by steam, though that soon may be, and we can still see the loaded wagon coming from the upland meadow beyond the woodland, along the winding lane over which the boughs meet in graceful arches, drawn by the patient oxen, whose mild eyes and fragrant breath the Marshfield statesman so loved, and accompanied by the happy farmer and his laborers, while the house-dog capers around them as pleased as any of the *cortège*. We advise our readers to study Mr. Steeple's picture both for its merits and as a memorial of a fast-vanishing age.

ART IN CHICAGO—THE ALDINE PARK.

To thousands in the East the name of Chicago suggests only the most prosaic of commercial cities, whose principal pride is in its fortunes of mushroom growth, and the huge masses of iron and stone which were so rapidly piled toward heaven after being swept away by the fire. These have been the pride of Chicago, and there is no denying that, in a great measure, they are so still. Yet new as it is, as years are counted, there are many who have been gently planting the germs of artistic and æsthetic tastes, and are already being rewarded in the fact that Chicago has, somehow, come to be regarded as an important and, what is quite as encouraging, a rapidly growing art centre of the country.

That this is true may be shown by the glow of interest which pervades all classes in everything tending to beautify the city itself; its homes, its streets, its public parks, and its unsurpassed public buildings. Of the larger parks in the city, which would compare favorably with your own Central Park, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, or Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, I will not attempt to tell you; but of one of the smaller sort, scattered through the city, I can not forbear sending you a little pen picture. You ought to feel complimented at having your name given to it, for Aldine Square is situated in a most picturesque neighborhood, and contains one of the most elegant and attractive groups of private residences in the country. These are on three sides of the square, built of a variety of stone, and in different styles of architecture, but all tending to produce a harmonious effect.

In the centre of the square is a wooded park with its native growth of oak trees. A lakelet spanned by rustic bridges, fountains, lawns, walks with tessellated pavement, and beds of flowers glowing with color, unite to form a spot of beauty worthy of its name. The entrance is guarded by two massive granite towers, on which are depicted the well-known ALDINE coat of arms—the anchor and dolphin—and this design is frequently repeated throughout the grounds. As may be readily imagined, Aldine Square is pointed to with pride by the residents of the southern quarter of the city, and admiring strangers are often driven through its hospitable grounds.

Do not fancy, though, from the fact that everything is on the grandest scale possible here, that love for the beautiful finds expression only in landscape gardening and architecture. At present there is renewed interest in the Academy of Design, an institution of great merit, but which unfortunately is financially in deep waters, being largely in debt. Many of the creditors are offering to forego their claims, and the prospect is that it will be placed upon its feet and insured a permanent existence. If this can be accomplished, it is proposed to purchase a large collection of casts abroad which will form the nucleus of an attractive art collection. The Academy has contributed each year largely to the Art Department of the Inter-State Exposition held here, and is now making preparations for the coming one.

The Art Committee have recognized the propriety of early information to artists throughout the country, and are busy preparing instructions for their guidance. Among other suggestions is a strong protest against portraits of any kind; and an intimation is given that full-length portraits, or those of an extraordinary size, will not be accepted at all. It will be remembered that last year Eastern artists were represented here to a considerable extent and many sales effected.

The Chicago Society of Decorative Art is composed of some of the earnest women of the city, and is doing the same sort of

work that similar organizations are accomplishing in New York and Boston—directing public attention to the principles of good taste in industrial designs as well as giving instruction to women with artistic predilections. Some of the work on exhibition would do credit to a much older institution; and as pottery decoration is becoming so fashionable, you may be sure that is not a neglected branch. By the way, we have just had a series of lectures here illustrated with a potter actually at work with his wheel.

David Neal, the Munich artist, has been staying in our city for some time, as you probably are aware. In conversation he names, as the foremost American artists now in Munich, Rosenthal and Chase of Cincinnati, and Shirlaw of New York; Dyer, a young artist of Chicago, shows much promise. The latter is a pupil of Mr. Neal.

I could and would send you some gossip about the doings of our artists; but, aside from the fact that it is the dull season, I know it would be old news before you could publish it.

—Miriam Lotus.

ASTONISHED BARBARIANS.

MR. E. V. LUMINAIS is no stranger to American picture buyers and those interested in art matters on this side of the Atlantic, although fewer of his pictures have been exhibited here than might have been expected from the consideration of the partiality our people show, as a rule, for the works of French artists. Two of Mr. Luminais' pictures were, however, in the French Department of the Philadelphia Exposition, where they were seen by thousands and attracted no little attention. They were "Savages and Cattle," and "King Morvan;" and an excellent engraving from the latter was published in THE ALDINE, as many of our readers will remember. That picture, like the present one, related to the doings of the semi-barbarous races which were finally amalgamated and civilized to form the polite nations of the Europe of the present day. The present picture, however, belongs to an earlier period in point of time than the "King Morvan." In that, it will be remembered, we had the old king receiving an ambassador from the King of France, with whom he was treating on terms of equality. The present picture gives a scene from the history of a much earlier time—a time when France had not yet emerged from chaos, so to speak; the time when Rome was yet a name of power, and the barbarians, though constantly struggling against her, had yet to fight hard battles for small gains. Those early, more than half-savage times possess, for some reason, a peculiar charm for Mr. Luminais, who has studied them with great care, and who seems to have fully comprehended and entered into the spirit of the savage warriors who gave Cæsar and his successors so much trouble. He delights in painting them under all the various conditions of their savage life. In the picture before us, for instance, we have vividly depicted the astonishment produced on the minds of those savage tribes by the different phases of Roman civilization and luxury as they were unfolded to their gaze in the course of their wars. In this case it is evident that a battle has been fought and won by the barbarians, who are now proceeding to avail themselves of the privileges of conquerors by sacking the town they have taken. They have made their way, in all the riotous fury begotten of their victory, to the women's apartments of the house of some wealthy citizen, and, while the frightened females huddle together, screaming, the rude invaders have been brought to a pause, equally amazed if not equally frightened, at the sight of a black girl whom they have found among the white slaves. It is very evident that a phenomenon, as inexplicable as unexpected, is here presented to their minds. The idea of slavery was no more unfamiliar to them than to the Romans, nor was it any more repugnant to their feelings; but they could conceive only of white slaves, as they had never seen other than white people, and the idea of a creature in the form of a young and beautifully shaped woman wearing the hue of night—that black which symbolized to them all that was mysterious, awful, and unfathomable in nature—was something so entirely outside all their previous experiences as to have power to stay them even in the midst of their barbarous orgies. Not even the greed for the loot to be obtained by continuing the sack of the palace and city could suffice to prevent the investigation of so unheard-of a phenomenon.



GOTHIC WARRIORS SURPRISED. — AFTER E. V. LUMINAIS.

In this picture, as in previous ones, Mr. Luminais shows a thorough study of the history, the manners and customs, the costumes and the general characteristics of the peoples from among whom he chooses subjects for his pencil, and he also shows great care in drawing, and a power of expression not always found allied with it. In the picture of "King Morvan," for instance, each of the three figures introduced is a study by itself. There is, first, the old king, rude, uncultivated, irresolute, almost imbecile, entirely under the rule of his younger, more ambitious, and more cold-blooded wife, hesitating between his fear of Philip's power and his sluggish disinclination to active warfare on the one hand, and his senile and uxorious abandonment to the wiles and charms of his spouse on the other. Next comes the ambassador, the Abbe Witchar, a most shrewd and wily diplomat and politician, who had almost succeeded in his mission, when all his plans were set

at naught by the sudden appearance of the queen; and lastly, but greatest and most prominent of the three, comes the queen herself, who, by her endearments and caresses, undid in a moment all that the envoy had accomplished in a long interview—so that the French chronicler was not unnaturally moved to call her "a perfidious and venomous soul." These are the three characters in that picture, and each one of the three is equally a study of life and of character, as well as in technical execution. The rapid, irresolute, idealess face of the king, faintly aroused by the endearments of the queen; the chagrin and anger betrayed by the abbe in attitude and gesture, and the coldly malignant expression of the queen's face as she shoots glances of mingled hatred and triumph beneath her bent brows, mentally calculating the effect of each caress, and exultingly calling the attention of the envoy to them while she triumphs in his evident discomfiture.



THE DULL BOOK.—AFTER A. TOULMOUCHE.

The picture before us contains more figures, but they are not less expressive, from the mounted warrior—evidently a leader—insolently swinging his spiked mace, to the shrinking negress, ignorant of what manner of men these, her new captors, may be, and what fate may await her to whom capture is too surely no new experience—and the frightened white women, more apprehensive, because more knowing, of the brutality of the invaders. It is a most telling picture, and deserves careful study and due recognition not less for its artistic merits than as a picture which, while not historical, occupies much the same position to the historical picture that an historical novel does to the ordinary novel of every-day life, and so gives us an agreeable variety from the ordinary *genre* composition.

THE DULL BOOK.

IN giving our readers an engraving from a picture by Mr. Toulmouche, we introduce them to an artist who is new to our pages, although by no means a stranger to Americans and to those who have paid close attention to art exhibitions here. Quite a number of his pictures have been and are owned here, no less than three of them having been exhibited at the Academy of Design's Centennial Loan Exhibition. These were, "The Pet Kitten," owned by Mrs. Paran Stevens; "Forget me not," the property of Mr. D. H. McAlpin; and "A Marriage of Reason," belonging to Mr. Edward Matthews. All of these were seen by the thousands who visited this exhibition; but the greater num-



RIPON CATHEDRAL—SOUTHEAST VIEW.

ber of people who examined the art exhibits at Philadelphia failed to find there any work of this accomplished representative of the *genre* painters of Paris. As will be at once understood from the titles we have quoted, as well as from the character of the picture which we engrave, Mr. Toulmouche is one of the large number of artists at the French capital and elsewhere who find their subjects for the most part in the incidents and happenings of domestic life—the every-day life of everybody. The work which we have selected for engraving is one of the most favorable specimens of his style, and has the merit of telling very clearly a story which is only too common, we fear, in the history of literature, and which contains besides a spice of satire on the profession of letters that has by no means escaped the artist. It is evident that the two friends had seated themselves for a quiet morning with some favorite author, or, rather, it is more probable, with some author whose works they have heard talked of in the *salons* or at the *conversazione* of some literary dame of fashion, and whose acquaintance they have determined to make, as Mistress Kitty, in the



WEST VIEW.

their involuntary siesta is not, perhaps, unnatural. Whatever be the supposed cause of the sleep, we can not quarrel with the fancy which has given us such a charmingly conceived and well executed bit of *genre* painting. The attitudes of the two figures are

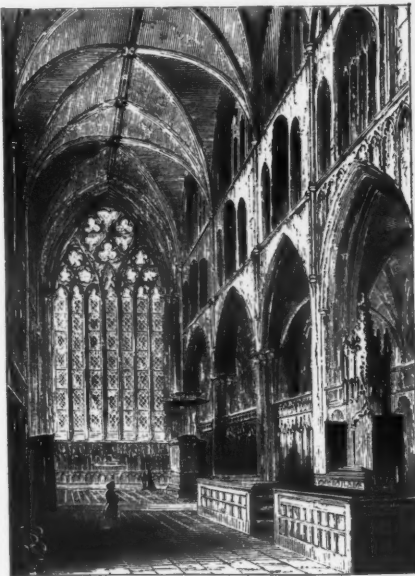
the perfection of enforced lassitude and weariness; they are accurate in drawing and skillfully grouped, so that tones and tints combine and harmonize in a way to bring out to the utmost the full effects of the costumes, the furniture of the pleasant little boudoir, and all the other accessories of a scene which, simple as it is, can not fail to please. Nor has the picture lost in effect—except in the loss of color—by the efforts of either the draughtsman or the engraver. The expression of the faces and figures, the accurate drawing and the general tone, have been faithfully reproduced in this, which we believe to be the first engraving ever presented in this country from one of Mr. Toulmouche's pictures.

RIPON CATHEDRAL.

ALTHOUGH the see of Ripon is by no means one of the oldest of the English Church, the cathedral church has a very respectable antiquity, parts of the structure even dating back to Saxon times. The foundation began as a Benedictine monastery somewhere about the middle of the seventh century, although the exact date is not now definitely known. The land on which the cathedral stands was originally given to the Abbot Eata by Alchfrid, king of the Northumbrians; but before the building was finished the abbot managed to differ with the king on some question about the proper time for celebrating Easter, or some equally important question, and so

was superseded by St. Wilfrid, who had just come from Rome with all the latest improvements in church chronology and church ceremonies. This Wilfrid is generally known as the founder of the church—many writers making no mention at all of Eata—which, although originally dedicated to St. Peter, is frequently mentioned in old writings as the "Church of St. Wilfrid" (the monk appears to have been duly canonized), so that it is fair to give him the honors of founder, and, as he was really a man of no mean powers, some notice of his history will not be uninteresting to our readers, the more especially as it gives us a curious glimpse into the manners and customs of that period, at least so far as concerned the standard of education and learning then considered necessary for a great ecclesiastic, one much more important in his time than any whose names occur to us among the churchmen of to-day.

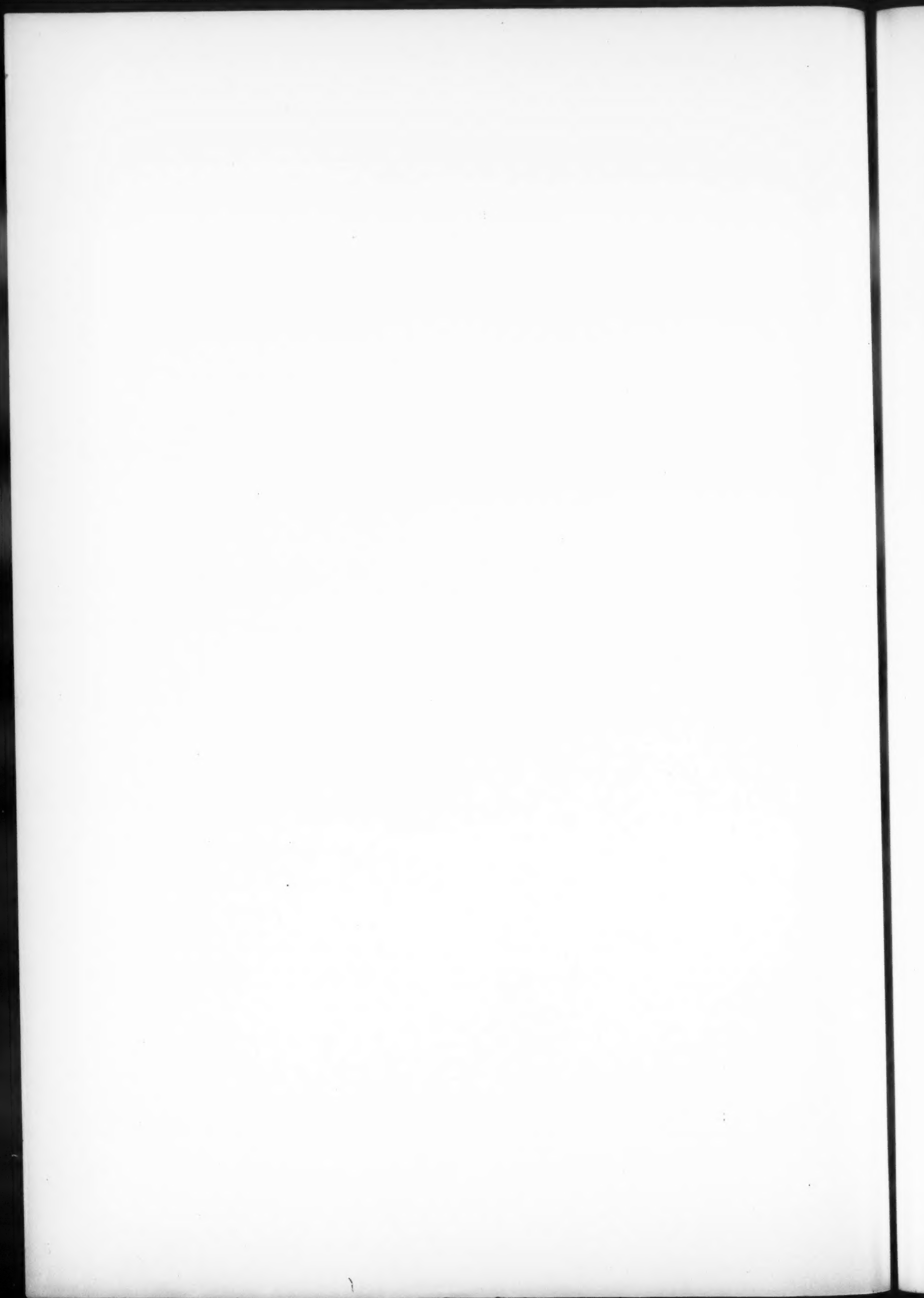
St. Wilfrid was born, we are told, of "mean parentage in the north of England," and was untaught until his fourteenth year, a circumstance which seems the less remarkable when we consider how little education most men received at that time, even during the course of a long life. At the age mentioned he had, like many another youngster before and since, a decided difference with his stepmother, and ran away from home, being lucky enough to attract the attention of certain courtiers who had received some favors from his father and singularly enough remembered the fact. These presented him to the queen, who, finding he had an inclination for learning, sent him to Chad, a monk at Lindisfarne, but formerly chamberlain to the king. We are told that he here became "proficient in scholarship;" but the only particulars given us being that he "learned the Psalms and some other books," and as we are further informed that he did not learn the four books of the Gospels until he reached Rome—where he also mastered that intricate subject the computation of Easter—we are not left



CHOIR.



PASSION MUSIC IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—H. W. BREWER.



with a very exalted opinion of the future saint's knowledge of human learning, notwithstanding the fact that we are informed "he far exceeded his ecclesiastical superiors in knowledge." After attaining this degree of perfection he visited Rome, as we have intimated, stopping on his way at Lyons, in France, where he left so good a reputation behind him that on his return he was appointed by the queen, Brunehild, to succeed the archbishop whom she had just caused to be murdered. Wilfrid does not appear, however, to have considered the climate of France a particularly good one for ecclesiastics, and he soon returned to England, where he was subsequently made Bishop of York, but was given charge of the whole country from the Humber to Scotland. It was a short time before his elevation to the episcopacy that he founded the monastery of Ripon, the event in his life most interesting to us at present, and thenceforward he seems to have had a peculiarly tender attachment for the monastery "Ad Ripam," as some of the old chroniclers call it. Of St. Wilfrid's subsequent career, of his quarrels with the king, and of his frequent and successful appeals to the pope, we do not care to speak. That he lived in the odor of sanctity, was buried in the monastery he had founded, and was subsequently canonized for as good reasons as those assigned in the case of other saints, seem to be facts well established. We have only space to quote as evidence of the condition of the book-making art in those days, that St. Wilfrid is spoken of with credit and praise for having presented the monastery with "a copy of the Gospels, as also a library, and many other books of the Old and New Testaments."

The religious house built under the supervision of Wilfrid was richly endowed by Ethelstan and other monarchs, and continued in great repute until it was burned down, about A. D. 950. It was rebuilt by the exertions of different archbishops of York, and about the time of the Conquest was made a collegiate church, and endowed with lands by Archbishop Aldred. A collegiate church it continued, with one short interruption, until 1836, when the act was passed creating the bishopric of Ripon, and the old church became the cathedral of the new diocese. It is not to be supposed, however, that the present structure is all of one date, or that the building has not seen other vicissitudes than the one incendiarism we have mentioned. The minster, as it is usually called, was despoiled by the rapacious Normans soon after the Conquest, but managed to pick up again, and, aided by royal favor, flourished until about 1319, when the Scots burned both it and the town. For some years it was desolate, but in the reign of Edward III. it was again rebuilt, and its chief troubles thereafter were those affecting its finances, it having been dissolved and its revenues given into lay hands under Henry VIII., when the church was also made parochial. James I. made it again a collegiate church, but did not restore to it all its former endowments and its rights, particularly that of sanctuary, with privileges of a mile around, which had been granted it by Ethelstan.

So far as the present building is concerned, its chronology seems to be not a little mixed. Rev. Dr. Waddilove, the late dean, investigated the matter very thoroughly, and discussed it at considerable length in a published paper. He ascribes the whole of the west front, including its towers, the central tower and the transept, to the time of Stephen, and gives the credit of the building to Archbishop Thurston, of York. After the burning of the church and town by the Scotch, to which we have already alluded, the minster was rebuilt by the exertions, it is said, of Archbishop Melton, who extended the church eastward to twice its former length. This was about 1331, and the great window in the east end is ascribed to later in the same century.

We give three views—two of the exterior and one of the interior—of this cathedral, and will proceed to describe them, first indulging in a brief digression as to the ground plan of the building. The rule in regard to all English cathedrals is that they are built in the form of the Latin cross, the longest arm extending from west to east, while the short arm comprising the transept runs from north to south. The principal entrance is at the west end, and the altar is in the eastern portion, while behind it comes the Lady's Chapel, a chapel dedicated (in the days when Great Britain was a Catholic country, which is also the time most of these structures were begun, if not finished) to the Virgin Mary. This is usually a little lower than the choir, the eastern extension of the main arm of the building, of which the western portion is called the nave. This latter was much the longer part of the

structure in the early Norman churches, although the several parts were more equalized at a later date. It was the rule to have nave, choir and transept bordered with side aisles, while outside the walls of the cathedral, usually on the south side, were a chapter house and cloister. The west front should present a square tower on each side, and another and higher one should rise from the intersection of the arms of the cross. This, as we say, was the usual and normal shape of the cathedral, and may be easily traced to modifications of the simple parallelogram divided by two rows of columns into nave and aisles, which constituted the form of the earliest churches. There are many departures from this typical shape, but these differences may usually be very easily accounted for by causes connected with the local and individual history, so to speak, of the church. In the case of the Ripon Cathedral the cloister, lady chapel and chapter house have all disappeared, and the transept has an aisle only on its eastern side. Another minor difference is found in the fact that the three western entrances—through the two towers and the central portion of the front—all lead into the nave, whereas the strict rule requires that the tower entrances should open into the two aisles. Besides the regular divisions of the cathedral, there are, on the south side of the choir, two vestries, which were the old Saxon church, while on the east side of each transept is a small chapel.

While the Ripon Cathedral is not of the first magnificence, it is among the first in all England, rivaling those of Hereford, Exeter and Worcester, and its west front is only excelled by those of York, Lincoln, Peterborough and Wells. The west front follows the rule of having a central gable flanked by two towers; but the west wall of the nave is unusually high, and is brought forward to the same line as the towers, so that the whole forms a uniform and elegant façade. Between the towers are the usual three pointed portals, of which the middle one is higher and wider than those on each side, and all are deeply recessed and decorated after the Early English style. Above these come two series of five windows each, and in the gable are three pointed arches, the middle one being pierced to light the roof. The towers are in general in the pointed style, but show such variations from that style as to make it certain that their upper portions are of later date than the lower parts and the central gable of the west front. The south side is also uniform and stately, the aisle being lofty, with pointed windows decorated with tracery of the Early Perpendicular style; while the south wing of the transept shows in its flat buttresses and round-headed windows much of the original Norman construction, while the clear-story windows above are more in the Pointed and Decorated styles. The choir and the nave are chiefly executed in the Norman style, although both exhibit some Elizabethan features.

The weak point of the whole exterior is undoubtedly the central tower, which is altogether too low. The two flanking towers of the west front are sufficiently dwarfed by the fact that the body of the church is unusually high, thus giving that front a look, as one critic has observed, "something like a tall man with short neck and high shoulders." But this is not, after all, a defect when viewed by itself; whereas the central tower, being no higher than those at the western end, has a "squat" and insignificant effect from whatever position it may be viewed. It needs the addition of at least another story to at all correspond to the really fine proportions of the body of the church.

We have scarcely space in which to speak of the interior, nor is it, indeed, so interesting to the casual visitor as to the professional architect. It exhibits, in the nave and transepts, a struggle between different styles which can only be appreciated by those who have made a study of the subject, and which is not calculated to particularly impress any one. Exception must be made, however, to the choir, which is almost perfect, and to the stone screen separating the choir from the nave, which could hardly be excelled. Even more might be said regarding the carved wood-work of the stalls, some of which dates back to 1494, and it is a pity modern pews have been allowed to encroach on the space of the choir.

Of the monuments of the cathedral we do not care to speak, and we close this notice of a most beautiful building by giving its dimensions, which are, internally: Length from east to west, 266 feet 5 inches; from nave to choir door, 167 feet 5 inches; length of choir, 101 feet; breadth of nave and aisles, 87 feet; of the choir and aisles, 66 feet 8 inches; length of transept, 132 feet; height of towers, about 110 feet.

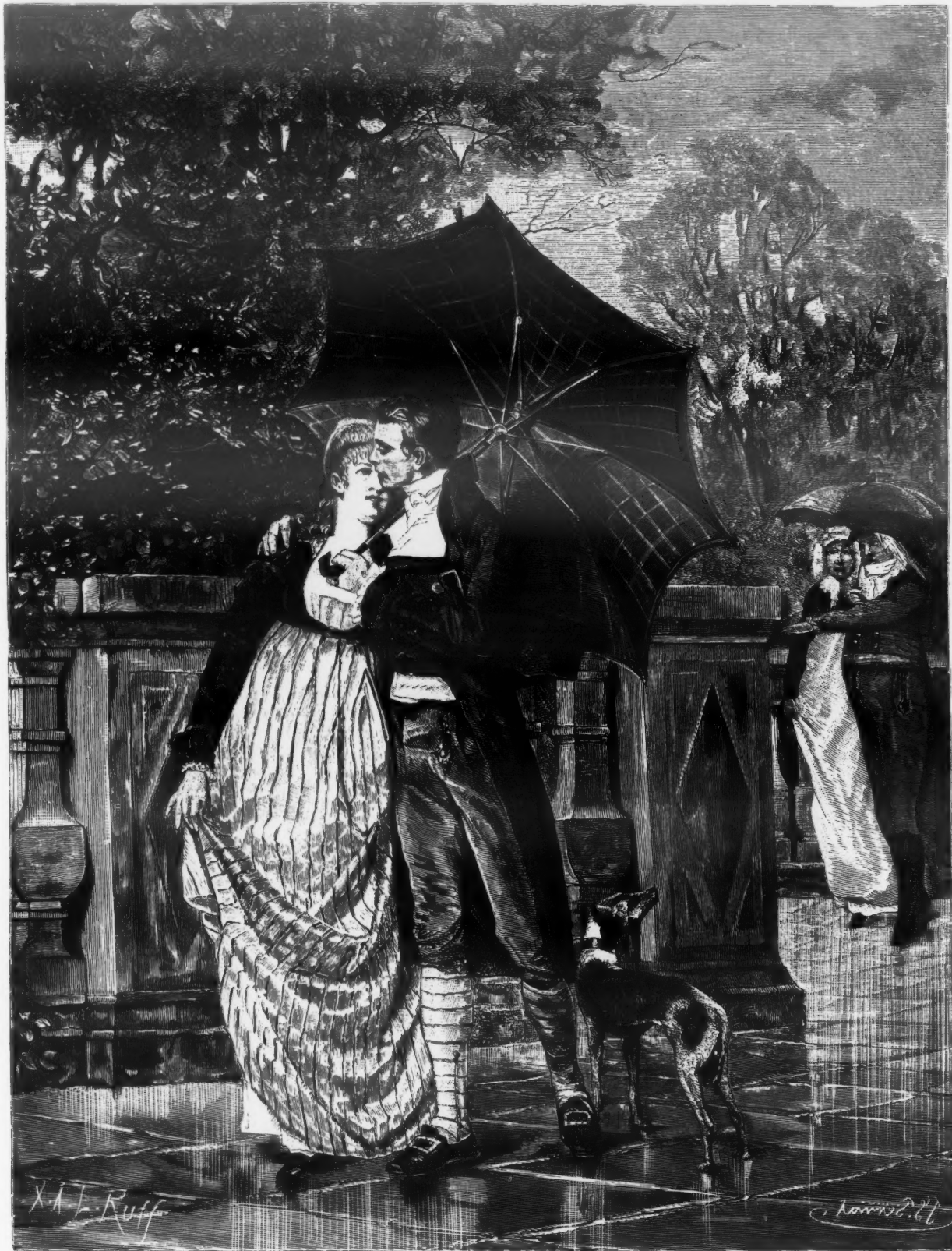
—Sidney Grey.

ABOUT ART JOURNALS.

THE ALDINE, now in its ninth volume, has steadily endeavored to assist not only in the art education of the people, but also in the gratification of their artistic tastes and sensibilities. With this purpose in view it has spared no reasonable expense nor any

rivals; on the contrary, it is more than glad to welcome any and all honest co-workers in the same field.

It is well known to our readers that we have little space for and seldom indulge in criticisms, adverse or otherwise, on contemporary literature of any sort; but we must cheerfully commend to our readers as an art work well worth their consideration



THE ROMANCE OF AN UMBRELLA.—AFTER G. PERNAT.

possible amount of care in order to give its readers engravings from pictures by prominent artists, both American and European, which should best represent the art progress of the whole world, and should at the same time give its subscribers, at a small cost, a picture gallery every year not only pleasing to look upon at the moment, but well worth preservation. Acting in this spirit always, actuated by the idea of making real art as cheap as it can be made, consistently with sound business principles, to the community at large, THE ALDINE has not feared, nor does it fear, any

the *Portfolio*, which is edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Esq., and is published in this country by Mr. J. W. Bouton, of No. 706 Broadway. Mr. Hamerton, who is quite as positive and—as many of us think—quite as correct as “the Oxford undergraduate” of Thackeray’s time, in his opinions has written the very least possible amount of nonsense and the very greatest amount likely to be written of solid sense. Unlike Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Hamerton can see some merit in more than one painter, and his criticisms have therefore the merit of unexpectedness, even if they

might seem not to have that of impartiality. And when we speak of impartiality, let it be understood that we do not impute to Mr. Hamerton any unworthy partiality, for we believe him guilty of no such fault any more than we could think him amen-

which another has done, and, by consequence, he has a right to be more or less caustic in his remarks on all artists.

The *Portfolio* devotes itself chiefly to etchings from celebrated pictures, or from pictures by celebrated artists; and, while the



THE PRINCESS AT THE SPINDLE.—AFTER A. TSCHAUTSCH.

able to the charge of any other form of stealing. Mr. Hamerton is, however, very clear and positive in his expressions of opinion, and this clearness and positiveness naturally lays him open—as it does Mr. Ruskin with better reason—to the charge of prejudice. We have yet to see, and we imagine that our readers will be with us in the opinion, that Mr. Hamerton has ever indulged in any laudation of one artist to the discredit of the good work

previous volumes have been devoted to the works of the old masters, the present volume is, we are assured, to give prominence to the works of contemporary artists, with appreciative essays by Mr. Hamerton and contributors on matters of contemporary art and the lives of artists of the present day. The style of illustration adopted by the *Portfolio* is chiefly that of the reproduction of etchings and line engravings by the heliogravure process, and

there is certainly no work in which so fine specimens of that process can be found. The list of artists to be represented, too, gives evidence of the value which the *Portfolio* will have to those interested in art. ALDINE subscribers who take it can compare the relative excellences of wood-engraving printed in the best style, and the processes used by the *Portfolio*.

ABOUT BELLS.

AH, listen to those bells! and, while listening, let us talk a little of bells, which have been known from earliest times. The Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Romans all employed them. But their use in churches, to announce the hours and offices, goes back no further than the sixth century, although some pretend that the first was employed by St. Paulin, Bishop of Nôle, who lived in 409. The first bells were made of bronze or brass, the only metal known to antiquity, and it is still of brass that the bells of our

louse in 1500 decided that the right of baptism of a bell belonged only to a bishop, and that a simple *cure* could not aspire to the honor without special license. To be god-parent was equally disputed, and the greatest personages held it an honor to give their name to these godchildren who through ages would perpetuate those names. Parishes profited by this desire to extort large sums in order to furnish their bells with considerable weight and sound, and cited with pride the colossal bronze of their church.

The largest bells known to our day are those of Moscow and Pekin, each weighing 120,000 pounds; those of St. Etienne at Vienna, and of Notre Dame at Paris, 26,000 pounds each; and that of St. James, at Compostella, in Spain. The famous one of Rouen, Georges d'Amboise, godson of the cardinal of that name, was melted during the Revolution. A wide-spread prejudice says that bells to possess the "silvery sound" must contain a certain quantity of silver. It is for that reason that the "bell pennies," with the image of Louis XVI., struck in 1789, were formerly so sought for. One will comprehend that in order to give the ring



FIRST LESSONS.—C. FRITZ.

days are manufactured, although many essays have been made to substitute another metal than bronze for their manufacture. One may have seen, in the great Exhibitions of Europe, bells made of cast steel from the factories—or, rather, foundries—of Krupp, the celebrated maker of instruments less pacific. Steel bells possess a particular sonorousness that equals fully that of bronze. Large bells of glass have also been made, which, by their great thickness, present a solidity above all danger of breaking, and possess a ring leaving nothing to be desired on that head. Finally, there exist bells of gold and silver. After the taking of Pekin there was preserved in the French camp a large golden bell, taken from the emperor's palace, and served—oh, what a downfall!—to call the troopers to their soup. But, perhaps to please the poets, who have called bells "the sonorous brass," bronze is most generally employed in their making.

If from the sixth century people have been called to church by the sound of bells, it was not until the tenth century that the custom of baptizing them had its rise. The first ceremony of the kind was performed by Pope John XIII. in 965. Upon his example bells were baptized everywhere, and the custom was so abused that it became necessary to regulate it. The council held at Tou-

desired in the church bells, the quantity of silver consumed must be enormous. And one can be as sure that the crown pieces demanded formerly by the founders to mix with their metal were absorbed more by the furnace of their throats than by that of their crucibles. Most churches were not content with one bell; many had two or three of different sounds or notes, producing a certain harmony when put into motion. A few had chimes tuned according to a chromatic scale of two or three octaves. But the chime, of Flemish origin, is above all the appanage of the cathedrals of Belgium and of Holland, the French churches contenting themselves to sounding all together.

In former days church bells were thought to possess certain privileges and virtues much in doubt to-day. "*Vivos voco, mortuos ploro, fulgurem frango*," says the Latin verse—"I call the living, I mourn the dead, and I break the lightning." The belief that gave to the bell that pretended faculty of driving away the electricity, has caused many accidents and gathered many victims. The movement of the bell, the undulations of sound, on the contrary, attracted the clouds charged with electric fluid; the ringer was killed, the bell broken—but no matter! As soon as the damage was repaired as well as might be, the sound of the

bell was heard, and to-day, in spite of experience in the provinces, and in spite of advice of authorities, the countryman jumps to his bell at the first flash of lightning, and drops its cord only when the storm has ceased.

Another custom in the west of France is that of making the godfather and godmother each ring three strokes upon the bell at the baptism, so that "the child may not be deaf." This precaution, which in our minds would produce a contrary effect, is completed by giving to the sacristan an important sum for having touched the cords.

In most countries of Europe the bells sound all through the year, except during the three last days of Holy Week, when, in sign of mourning, silence is imposed upon them. They are replaced, in the country, by a rattle, which is agitated by one of the altar boys running through the village streets in a perfect frenzy of delight, to call the believers to mass, who generally arrive almost deaf from the well-performed duties of the *gamin* who makes good use of the days upon which the bells are at "Rome."

—John Steeple.

THE ROMANCE OF AN UMBRELLA.

MR. PERNAT, whom we introduce to our readers for the first time in the present number of THE ALDINE, is a German artist whose works are very little known in this country, but who certainly deserves some recognition from picture buyers, and especially those who have a taste for *genre* pictures and for studies in costumes. The example which we give carries one pleasantly back by means of an incident as old as mankind, if not literally "as old as the hills," to about the latter part of the last century, when the costume of gentlemen was undergoing the transformation—was it improvement or degeneration?—the outcome of which has been the Derby hat, Congress gaiters and the sack coat. To be sure, one can not pretend to be perfectly accurate in a matter of that kind, and we have really nothing to judge by except the dress of the two gentlemen in the picture; for, so far as the ladies are concerned, they might almost have stepped out from a fashion plate of the present day, except, perhaps, that the younger holds up the superabundance of her silken skirt with a grace of which one finds fewer imitations than one does of her dress, on our streets. As for the gentlemen of that period, they were, as we have said, in a transition state as to costume, and we can never help the feeling in looking at a picture of those days, that they look ridiculous, although they still had some advantages over us of the present day; as, for instance, what modern swain in the same situation as our young friend in the engraving would not be glad to be able to fold up his hat and quietly tuck it under his arm without having violated any of the proprieties, and without having done anything so out of the usual course of events as to make him seem ridiculous? Our modern "crush" hat is a poor substitute at best for the old *chapeau bras*, even if trousers are an improvement—a fact of which we are not entirely convinced—upon the knee breeches and long stockings with low shoes, or Hessians, of the olden time. The old gentleman, for instance, looks remarkably comfortable in his boots, and can point out to his spouse the improvements he is making about the grounds with no uncomfortable consciousness of the fact that the bottoms of his best Sunday trousers are being ruined by the rain; while, as for the youngster, if his legs do get splashed, he can afford to bear the temporary discomfort, and put on a pair of dry hose when he gets home. The only thoroughly uncomfortable members, in fact, of the party, seem to be the mother and the hound. The first evidently distrusts the young people, and—perhaps with some dim recollection of other days—suspects what may be going on under the other umbrella; while the unhappy dog has not even the poor consolation of anger, and can only turn his back in mute misery to the peltings of the storm which has come up, so much to the evident satisfaction of the young couple he is following.

Artistically considered, while there is nothing essentially new or striking in the conception of the picture, it is well drawn, the unities are well preserved, the details are well worked out, the light and shade carefully painted, and the effects of the rain and the textures admirably preserved—the painter being remarkably well sustained in this regard by the work of the engraver. In re-

gard to the garments, one skilled in such matters could describe them not only with relation to their fashion, but their materials, without much difficulty. A lady looking at the picture gravely pronounced the younger lady's dress to be of watered silk, which sounds almost like a pun, though not so intended.

THE PRINCESS AT THE SPINDLE.

THE picture with this title which we give in the present number is by no means the first appearance of Mr. Tschautsch in our pages, as our readers will easily remember; but we have given no more interesting specimen of his work than this. It illustrates an incident in the tale of the "Sleeping Beauty," a story which, like "Puss in Boots," "Jack the Giant Killer," and many another of the folk-stories, is common to nearly all languages, and is known to nearly everybody. The German version differs slightly from that more commonly given in English, but only in non-essentials. The chief fact of the birth of the princess; the rage of the ugly fairy who was not invited to the christening; her prediction that if the princess should, before a certain age, touch a spindle, she and all in the castle would go to sleep for a hundred years or so; how the princess found, or was shown, the prohibited household instrument, made use of it, and the prediction was accomplished—all these, and the final awakening of the sleeping beauty at the kiss of the prince, have been told by poets and romancers, and illustrated by artists of all grades, times beyond counting. In THE ALDINE we have heretofore given illustrations from the pencil of Gustave Doré of scenes in the poem, and it is not uninteresting to compare his conception of the characters with that of the German artist, who has followed the German version of the story, and presents us the princess being tempted to make trial of the spindle, which in this story, as in the heathen mythology, is made the familiar instrument of the Fates. The story of the catastrophe is here clearly told. The wicked fairy in the guise of an old woman, with her black cat and the broom on which she presumably takes her nocturnal rides by her side, offers the distaff and spindle to the unsuspecting maiden into whose face she peers with triumphant gaze, while noting the success of her maneuver. The maiden, pleased with the new toy, or eager to learn the new art, accepts, while at the same time a shade as of coming ill passes over her face, and we can almost fancy, from the settling around the flag-staff of the banner on the tower seen through the window, that a drowsy air is already surrounding the castle, and that the promised slumber is not very far distant.

THEODORE C. GRANNIS.

THERE is no doubt that the tears we shed and the regrets we express when a friend dies are more for ourselves than for him, whatever may be the aspect we may choose to give to our manifestations of grief, or the honors we may choose to pay to his manes. Whoever or whatever he may have been, we believe that, being our friend, he has met a change for the better, while we know that we are the losers, in that we are deprived of his society, his friendly aid and sympathy in our plans and occupations, our trials and our disappointments. But if this be true of mankind in general—as it certainly is, for no man dies unregretted—how much more true is it, or, rather, how much more forcibly is it made apparent, when he who goes from us is possessed of all the qualities of the heart needed to make the loving him a matter of necessity and not of choice to all who knew him.

Such an one was he whose name heads this article, and who has left this busy world since the beginning of this volume of THE ALDINE, for the pages of which he wrote one of the last articles upon which his pen was employed. Modest and retiring almost to a fault, he never sought acquaintances, and never made one whom he did not transform into a friend. Such a life as his furnishes no material for the biographer, for it has no events. He was born, he married, and he died are all the facts in his career for the gatherer of dates to record, yet such a life as his is a fit subject for volumes of loving contemplation for those who knew him and his every-day life well.

Mr. Grannis was still a young man at the time of his death, having been born at Schenectady, New York, in 1831. From his

earliest years he showed an absorbing interest in literature and art, from which no other pursuits were ever able long to draw him. His literary attainments were considerable, and although he was not of the small number of those geniuses who must be artists or nothing, he possessed a correct taste and a fine feeling which found expression in works of no little merit, and which made him an appreciative art critic whose judgments were almost always correct, and were always thoroughly conscientious. In fact, conscientiousness, loyalty and integrity were the leading characteristics of his mind. We have said his life was uneventful: it is on record that he was once a candidate for the Legislature in his native county; but he fortunately was defeated, and, after a brief trial of mercantile life in New York City, he settled down to his legitimate work, and became known as an effective and skillful art critic and writer on art topics, contributing to the daily press and to a number of periodicals besides THE ALDINE, his articles evincing careful preparation and sound thought.

His death was entirely unexpected to his associates among the artists and journalists, and that it was so was eminently characteristic of his life, for, modest and retiring as he had always been, he forbore to inform any of us that the illness which kept him from his ordinary avocations was anything more than a temporary and trivial affair, so that the announcement that he was dying scarcely had time to precede that of his death. We miss in him the kind friend whose advice and help were never withheld nor grudgingly bestowed when requested; artists miss the appreciative critic; and readers of art literature will miss a pen which has often charmed and instructed them.

ART CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.

AMONG the lady artists who make their homes at the capital, or who pass the winter seasons there, Mrs. Imogene Robinson Morrell stands foremost by virtue of her celebrated historical paintings. These are, "Washington welcoming the Provision Teams," and "The First Battle of the Puritans," both of which have won the highest honors in the Paris Salon and at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. Indeed, wherever they have been on exhibition, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, they have excited the greatest enthusiasm. Our art is still so youthful that our people were astonished to see such works, and from the hand of a woman, too—"aye, there's the rub!" Several of our experienced artists had painted historical pictures, and very fine ones. Kauffman and Carpenter in our day, and Trumbull, Vanderlyn and others during the age just past, have given some fine historical pictures; but that a woman should suddenly astonish our land with a pair of wonderful pictures which she had been quietly working upon for years, no wonder that the doubters of the country said, "They are very fine; but how do we know that she *did* paint them?"

It would have taken a bolder woman than Mrs. Morrell to endeavor to palm off bogus pictures upon a people like ours. And where could any one find a really fine artist willing to give another the credit of his work? I have noticed that this cry, "It is not original!" has only been raised against one or two *women* of our country who have bravely battled on and won success, despite all such innuendoes. Men seem loth to acknowledge that a woman can compete with them in art. In literature they are met cordially, and with all honor, in their efforts. Why should there be such a difference?

Mrs. Morrell commenced the study of art when a mere girl, and won prize medals in twelve consecutive classes. When still very young, she went to Dusseldorf, and there became a pupil of Schroeder, and afterward of Camphausen, studying from one the principles of composition, and from the other the drawing of horses in all their variety of position and effect. These years of study prepared her for the great works of her life, the paintings above spoken of. For five years she labored diligently and conscientiously upon these works. Every inch of her canvas was studied well, and never abandoned until the artist was altogether satisfied with it. No mere "journeywork" ever passes through her hands. She labors faithfully upon every portion of her picture. She studies it over again and again, and paints out ruthlessly what strikes her as being in the least crude or out of drawing. Her flesh tinting is the best I have seen in oil painting: the

warm blood flowing *beneath* the gray white of the outer skin. In the hand held up by Washington, in one of the paintings, the peculiarly mottled appearance of the inner portion of the hand is given to perfection, while the fair yet manly face has the very coloring of health and strength. This picture is exceedingly grand and imposing, and is instinct with all the power of genius. Washington is seated upon a magnificent horse, and surrounded by his staff, all mounted. General Hamilton, General Pickering, Quartermaster-General Greene and the two Trumbulls comprise the group, and the positions of both horses and men are faultless.

But both these pictures have so often been described that I will pass them by with few words, and speak only of the artist, with mere mention of her works. "The Battle of the Puritans" represents Captain Miles Standish and his first battle with the Indians. Longfellow's poem, "Miles Standish," gives lines fully illustrating this picture. The Indian taunts him with his diminutive size:

" 'This is the mighty captain the white men have sent to destroy us:
He is a little man: let him go and work with the women!'

But when he heard the defiance, the boast, the taunt and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and snatching his knife from the scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart; and, reeling backwards, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-like expression upon it."

Mrs. Morrell occupied, for fifteen years, a studio in Paris, in connection with Miss Gardner, of New Hampshire, and during all those years the bond of friendship between the two ladies remained perfect. She has now in her parlors at Willard's Miss Gardner's wonderfully beautiful painting of "Corinne at Rome," which received the unqualified praise of all the best artists of France. Mrs. Morrell copied with the greatest success Couture's "La Decadence Romaine," which is one of the first gems of the Luxembourg Gallery. She has also copied Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," a large painting of Bierstadt's, and other fine works, aside from the many portraits she has painted. Since her residence in Washington she has been kept busy with portrait painting, and is most successful.

Mrs. Morrell is about thirty-five years of age, with very fair complexion, curling blonde hair and blue eyes. She is modest and quiet in manner, and talks very little to strangers. But when she does speak it is with a purpose. She is a woman who worships her art, and who makes every act of her life, and all her friendships, subservient to it. She never, under any circumstances, loses sight of the artist in the woman. Indeed, she is so entirely absorbed in her art, that without it she would be nothing. She goes on, steadily and persistently, never once losing sight of the goal toward which she aspires, and which she will as certainly reach as that she now lives.

—Mary E. Nealy.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE ALDINE has in previous numbers given illustrations of different parts of this noble pile, and has also published a very full account of its architecture, its history, and its monuments and traditions; yet, full as these accounts have been, and complete as the series of illustrations might seem to have been, there is plenty of material in the noble old structure for the best efforts of pen and pencil. The stately and dust-covered edifice has too many associations, sentimental and historical, clinging about it, to be described in a brief space, or to be dismissed in a paragraph.

We give, in the present number, a view of the choir incidentally taken during the performance of the music specially adapted to the services of Passion week. Except for its comparative rarity in an English church, the circumstances under which the picture was made would be scarcely worth mentioning; but it is within a very few years that the authorities of the Church of England have countenanced these services, and it is still fewer years that they have been allowed such prominence as to be made the subject of a special service at Westminster. A more recent event, and one of more interest to the world of art and literature, was the marriage at Westminster of the daughter of Mr. Frederick Locker to the son of the Poet Laureate, the procession passing through the choir to the Jerusalem Chamber, where the wedding ceremony took place.



FISHING.—AFTER FIRMIN GIRARD.